

PROTESTANT LETTER TO THE Lords in the Tower.

My Lords;

Now methinks you begin to smell a *Parliament*; it will not be long, I believe, before they will have another lash at your Backs; your Impeachment is past, and nothing remains but your Tryal, how well you are prepared for it, the Pope and your own Consciences can tell: You have seen the Success of your poor Brother *Stafford*; no Proofs were sufficient to Convince him, nor no Arguments strong enough to Perswade him from dying a supposed Martyr: the Pope may well boast of his Fidelity, for he Seal'd his Death with his precious Blood, and choak't his Conscience, its believed, with a Lye; no Art could work a Contrition in him; the Advice of the Priests and Jesuits stuck to him like Bird-Lime, and hardned him like the nether Milstone; He was Canon proof against all *Protestant* Advice; and chose rather to give both Soul and Body, Reputation and Honour to the Pope's Service, than one Grain of Confession to the World; He was certainly as strong a Pillar as ever supported the Plot: though he reel'd and reveal'd a little to the Lords, yet he made you a sufficient Recompence at the Hour of Death: With what Fire or with what Liquor you tempered this Steel so hardly, I know not; but its most certain, the Devil himself could have done no more than he did at his dying Hour; for which in *Rome*, *France* and *Hell*, he may well be dignified with the Title of *Saint Stafford*: But ah! methinks he meets but with a bad Requital for his Constancy to you, and his Infidelity to his own Soul; I am afraid he is now heard to Curse his Nine-Pin Companions for his Zeal to the *Roman Sea*; now he sees the Priests with other Eyes than he did before; since he swallowed the forbidden Fruit his Eyes are open; and now, I doubt, he Roars and Howles at the remembrance of that last lost Hour upon Tower-Hill; its well if he has not taken up his Lodging in *Hell*, where there is room enough for all Impenitent Sinners, *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum*; Happy may it be for you, if you lay his Misery to Heart,

I hope none of you will be so in love with Hell (as cold Weather as now it is) as to take the same measures, to dye the same Death, repeat the same Lyes which he did ; I hope God has not left you all to the hardness of your own Hearts ; it would be a hard case, if none of you should have Sense, Honesty and Repentance ; methinks some of you should have the Fears of Death, the Terrors of Hell, and the Pangs of an evil Conscience upon you ; it's strange to see so many hardened Villains part with their Lives and their Souls upon such easie terms, as good *Protestants* believe *Jack Ketch* has been an Eye Witness to. How can you think that God will be mock'd with such a seeming shew of Repentance, with such a superficial Confession, as theirs have been, who have left their Speeches as Witnesses of their Wickedness ? Oh ! do not flatter your selves with such a good conceit of such Pernicious Foot-steps ; you are yet on this side of the Grave, and Death and Hell are at some distance from you ; you have yet an opportunity to do good, and be good, to save your Lives, and to save your Souls ; Oh ! do not trifle away such a blest opportunity. All the Mischief that has ensued, or may ensue upon *Stafford's* denial, will certainly be placed upon his account ; he will be severely dealt with for those Lyes at his last Breath. You may possibly blind the World, but you cannot draw a deceitful Curtain between God's Eyes and your Sins ; he sees your Hearts and knows your Wayes ; How can you be sensible of it, and yet persist in your Wickednes ? Lend an Ear to Conscience, it will teach you better things then ever you yet learned from any of your Ghostly Fathers ; it will teach you to unbowel your selves of all your burthensome Sins to God, in an Unfeigned manner ; it will make you disgorge your selves of your Plots, and ingage you to Plot for your Souls safety, and your Body's security : Do not imitate those who rather chuse to go to Hell with a Plot in their Hearts, than divulge it : Think it not a shame to be eas'd of so shameful a Religion, as requires your Secrecy to your Eternal Destruction : Let not the Priests Hood-wink you, or Blind-fold you, and then lead you to Hell ; God has given you time and means to Work out your Deliverance here, and your Salvation hereafter ; Oh ! Wo be to you if you neglect so great Salvation : The dividing your Heads from your Bodies is an easie Punishment, but the dividing your Souls from God is unsufferable ; for who can dwell with devouring Fire ? Who can dwell with everlasting Burnings ?

I beseech you, *My Lords*, spread Death and Hell before you ; look a little beyond the Grave ; have some Serious Thoughts of the condition they are in, who, we believe, were Brethren with you in Iniquity ; and then I doubt not, but it will work a Reformation in you.

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J. B.

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